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Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM (*now on duty with the armed forces*)
HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, Literary Editor; JOHN C. CORT *Associate Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

The President's Program

IT WOULD not be surprising if the immediate reason for Mr. Roosevelt's reluctant request for a national service act is the attitude of union labor, which Francis Downing describes at some length elsewhere in this issue. Continued difficulties in ironing out the current railway workers dispute and, even more, the prospect of other major labor disputes in the offing have apparently convinced the President that firmness is the only way to prevent further strikes and threats of strikes in these critical days.

The strongest ground for such action is the vague but important area of morale. It is hard for the people back home to appreciate the impact of strike news on our men at the fighting fronts. When they measure their danger, their separation, their fifty dollar base pay against the high wages and comparatively minor restrictions on the workers living at home, it is no wonder that the very hint of strikes burns them up.

The same can hardly be said about the self-seeking of other groups in the midst of this war. Inflation is a term which rings few bells in the consciousness of our fighting men. Nor is it easy to dramatize such a phenomenon as excess profits from food production or war industry. Only the self-seeking of certain unions seriously affects war morale; the other groups quietly seek their own, comparatively immune from adverse pressure, despite their opposition to the country's welfare. Therefore, the President's insistence on accompanying national service by appropriate taxes, renegotiation, food subsidies, price stabilization cannot be overemphasized.

Nevertheless a national service act is a last resort. Something would depend on the specific terms of the measure; the bills so far most prominent are too drastic. There is no great manpower shortage at present and discharges from the service and cutbacks in several major industries continue to improve things. It would be cumbersome and inefficient. It would seem to give the government absolute power over millions of individuals when that is not really necessary. At this critical stage of the war, the ideal would be legislation that assures continuous production, restricts prices and profits and assures the necessary war funds. Conscription of labor should be held to the minimum compatible with a victorious, all-out war effort.

Polish Frontier

EIGHTEEN months ago, at the time of Foreign Minister Molotov's secret visit to London and Washington, we said (June 12, 1942): "Russia, if we are all victorious, will . . . demand a large portion of Finland. . . . Stalin has 'pledged himself to the resurrection of a strong, independent Polish State,' but that state is not to include any substantial part of White Russia or the Western Ukraine. In other words, a large fraction of pre-war Poland must become Russian." We earnestly urged British and American statesmen to discuss this matter with Molotov, striking the best bargain they could regarding freedom for the peoples in the territories to which Russia not altogether unjustly laid claim. At that time the US was in excellent bargaining position. Russia desperately needed our help, and Russian armies were hundreds of miles from Poland's pre-1939 frontier. The week following we again made the same plea: "It is therefore wiser to make the best, the most just bargain we can rather than truly to sell the border peoples down the river by insisting upon what the Russians consider politically and militarily impossible."

What happened? Nothing was said publicly, yet the implication was clear that Molotov had wished to discuss this matter and that he had come very close to an agreement with England, but that our State Department refused absolutely even to talk about it.

What has happened now? We learn that at Teheran Stalin refused to talk about the frontier question. His turn had come to ride the high

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horse, which is precisely what we said would happen eighteen months ago if our State Department persisted in the line which we had reason to believe it was taking.

Russian (and Polish) troops are now this side of the frontier established by the Treaty of Riga in 1921. Russia has made perfectly clear the basis on which she is willing to come to a settlement with Poland. "Poland must not be restored by the annexation of Ukrainian and White Russian territories but by the return to Poland of the territories appropriated by the Germans. The eastern frontiers of Poland can be established by agreement with the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union does not consider the borders of 1939 as immovable. Modifications can be introduced into these borders which would be to the benefit of Poland in order that the regions where the Polish population predominates be handed over to Poland. In such case the Russian-Polish frontier could follow the so-called Curzon Line, which was accepted in 1919 by the Supreme Council of Allied Powers."

So there we are. Precisely that which the State Department refused to accept or even discuss in 1942 is now substantially an accomplished fact, and in terms of outright annexation. The whole episode reflects credit on no one's intelligence—except Stalin's. And be it remembered that Russian claims never were of a sort utterly to be dismissed on grounds of justice.

Should We Bust the Cartels?

AFTER NEARLY three years ('39-'42) of sustained and terrible disaster on the part of Allied armies and navies, a few hopelessly inquisitive souls began to pry around, trying to discover just how and why Axis war production had been allowed to get so far out in front, while Allied production was still stumbling off the starting mark, clutching wildly at its fallen trousers. One of the loudest answers they got was the popular new word, "cartel." Investigators of the Anti-Trust Division of the US Department of Justice found that American corporations in various vital fields had, probably unknowingly, cooperated with Axis munitioneers to hold back non-Axis production of war materials while the enemy forged ahead. Among these materials were aluminum, beryllium, magnesium, synthetic rubber, and the lenses used in gunsights and military binoculars—a pretty strategic little group of materials, if anybody should ask. Now an anti-trust suit has been filed against the giant du Pont Company and its subsidiary Remington Arms for joining in a cartel agreement with Imperial Chemical Industries to pool patents and divide markets, restrict and control world production of chemical goods.

There can be no question as to the patriotism of the du Pont people and their British friends, just as there was no question as to the rose-tinted motives of most of the business men who were party to the agreements and combinations which, just incidentally, left America in the position of an aged widow trying to get up off a sick bed and tackle a robust young thug. Nor do we belong to that school of thought that says there should be no unifying agreements or organization of any kind among business men, that the principle of absolute competition must reign pure and undefiled in all fields. We are not so unrealistic—nor so blind to the evils of unregulated competition.

What we do say, however, is that national or international agreements should be rigorously squelched when they are made with the intention of cornering markets, fixing exorbitant prices and clamping world production with the bone-breaking vise of an economy of profitable scarcity. The du Pont-Imperial Chemical combine, raising eyebrows with a pained surprise, has gasped "Who—me?" and denied everything. Possibly they are as innocent as they sound. But more than enough evidence is in to the effect that the United Nations cannot afford to let the old pre-war cartel system go back to work at the old stand once the tumult and the shooting dies. Agreements that affect the pocket-books, stomachs and general safety of all of us as vitally as these things do should, and must, be subjected to the hawk-eyed scrutiny and control of national and international authority. We don't mind business men making a profitable agreement. We just think they should be forced to give a little more thought to the questions: What is a legitimate profit and what is a hold-up? What is a legitimate agreement and what is a criminal conspiracy?

Recognizing American Revolutions

THE FACT that suspicions of Argentine connivance in the Bolivian revolution of a month ago have now reached the point where there is talk of Anglo-American sanctions against at least the larger of those two dictatorships raises certain significant points. It is not the first time in modern history that allies have consulted before recognizing the results of an internal military coup.

The United States has naturally been consulting with Britain in this case, but interest really centers on the decisions of the Inter-American Committee for Political Defense with headquarters at Montevideo. This committee has now decided unanimously that its members will henceforth study all new revolutionary régimes before taking action as to recognition. While it is rather late to fear a major threat in this hemisphere from Axis political activity, it would be a real hindrance to the war effort if German agents were able to set off any further anti-democratic military uprisings in South America. Bolivia's present agent in Washington, Señor Lozada, is known as a "liberal" and is said to have laid down rather strin-

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gent conditions to La Paz before he would agree to represent the new régime here. He declares that Bolivia is still in the camp of the United Nations and cites his reasons. Secretary Hull appears to be unconvinced.

Careful joint study of each new revolutionary régime is a war measure. What would be the result if similar consultation throughout the Americas were to result in peacetime as well? Revolutions have been endemic in Latin America; they are said to be impeded now by the impossibility of factional or popular risings against governments with modern weapons at their disposal. Apparently only army officers can lead rebellions now. If a government which is disliked in the other Americas is forcibly overturned, joint study of the new régime might lead to recognition.

Since THE COMMONWEAL expressed alarm last week at the coupling of compulsory religious education with the suppression of political liberties in Argentina, that government has abolished freedom of the press. And word comes through CIP that Bishop Miguel de Andrea of Buenos Aires has broken with the Ramirez régime over the canceling of the meeting of the National Academy of Morals and Politics, at which he was to speak, and government suppression of the pamphlet which contained what he was going to say on the subject. There are other dictatorships below the Rio Grande, but they are favorable to the cause of the United Nations. For the sake of military victory now and peace throughout the hemisphere in the years to come we can expect the United States to continue to collaborate with our present Latin-American allies to prevent the spread of anti-democratic military coups.

Algiers and France

EVERY dispatch from Algiers tells the same story: the French Committee and the French Assembly are standing on their heads, singing songs, doing all sorts of juggler's tricks and then they look up at the Anglo-American gallery, they say wasn't that pretty, and the Angles and the Americans just look bored. It's enough to break a heart. The French Committee moves out of Lebanon, moves out of Syria and no one says even thank you. The French Committee presents a plan for democratic elections to be held when Frenchmen in France can vote. The plan does not seem to please. And so the French Assembly makes another plan, and all these plans are cabled dutifully by Mr. Harold Callender to the New York *Times*, where one can read them, and they also go to the State Department where, perhaps, they are read but where they do not seem to be admired. No matter what the French do in Algiers, the Queen says we are not amused. It is tough going for the French in Algiers. That, no one can deny.

The danger that lies in the Anglo-American policy toward the French in Algiers is that the French in France may think that the same treatment lies in store for themselves. The French in France may be induced to think that they also may have to sing for their supper. They may come to think that the Anglo-Americans are hard to please. They may come to suspect that the Anglo-Americans who insist on an out-of-this-world purity in French democracy will never be satisfied with any democracy the French can provide. They may come to fear that there exists a plan to give those famous schools for teaching the Germans democratic ideals a preliminary try-out in France.

The danger that the French in France may come to fear and mistrust our policy is a real one. We are passing through a very difficult moment in our relations with the French. And, of course, in a way, it would be easier, it would be tempting to throw our French policy out the window, recognize the French Committee in Algiers, fight the war with the French Committee recognized as repsenting France, enter France with the French Committee at our side, drive the Germans out of France and leave the French Committee and the French nation to settle the nature of their relationship. The trouble is we have had a consistent policy, based on general principles—also on specific pronouncements—and it is not possible to reverse such a policy without also abandoning its basic principles. What has been our policy?

We have said that in the course of our war against the Germans and the Italians we would drive the Germans and Italians out of France, leaving France entirely free to reconstruct a government uninfluenced by anyone. This implied directly that we would not bring with our troops a French General, or an American General, or any other kind of a General to reconstruct a French Government. It implied directly that we would fight at the side of any French soldier who was outside of France and who desired to assist us in freeing France. That is to say, with the Frenchmen who have followed General de Gaulle ever since 1940 but also with the French army of North Africa which had not followed General de Gaulle. We would fight against the Germans with any Frenchmen; we would not bring with us when we entered France any French government formed outside of France. That is why we could not recognize the de Gaulle committee in London; that is why we cannot recognize the French Committee in Algiers. It is simply that we are pledged not to enter France with a ready-made French Government. No matter how good a government, no matter how democratic a government.

We are pledged to let the French form their own government—in France, when France is freed. When the French prisoners are back in France from Germany, when the French army is

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demobilized after victory and can vote. French authority in Algiers is a *de facto* authority. There cannot be a legal authority in Algiers or in France until the French are free to create one.

That is the principle behind our policy. In spite of all difficulties and dangers we cannot abandon it. In spite of many gallant Frenchmen for whom it may mask, temporarily, our friendship.

Excerpts . . .

ANDRE LABARTHE *

THE train was ready to leave; the locomotive was panting. You could hear no other sound, for it smothered out the voices of the soldiers who were perched like birds upon the footboards. In their ramshackle train, stuffed into their great-coats, with their shapeless clodhoppers, their battered and outmoded helmets and their blood-red sashes under their cartridge belts, when you compared them to the spick and span Americans, they seemed like people masquerading as soldiers. But surely it was fitting that in its resurrection the Army should go back into battle with the very uniforms it had worn in the bad days. And so they prowled around the station, they stared, they wanted to know what was up. Many of them did not dare believe it, so accustomed were they to misfortune.

On the platforms in Algiers, civilians tossed packets of tobacco at the soldiers, and at once arms shot out to catch them. Precious packages of cheap tobacco and an occasional pipe, hoarded for months to be sent for the solace of prisoners of war, were hurled at the railroad cars. Each soldier felt that what had been familiar to him was gradually blacking out. Even before the train began to move, two years of humiliation were wiped clean away.

Without flags or the blare of trumpets, after preliminary clankings, the train set forth in a long blast of steam, gradually becoming rhythmed. As it passed along the harbor, where the Americans and the English were unloading trucks, you could see whole convoys of ships at anchor inside the breakwater, awaiting their turn to be unloaded. You tallied up the number of the ships, but you never could make it come out the same twice. The sky was full of cloudlike anti-aircraft bursts.

"We are going to have a hot time of it," said some. "But the mountains will help us out . . ." "at least they can't bring up their tanks right off the bat . . ." could be heard all the way from the locomotive cab to the last compartment of the tail-end car.

We emerged from a tunnel, we passed over a bridge; from time to time the train slowed up, and you wanted to get off and walk around in the cactus-bordered gardens. Stations sifted past like peas strung on a thread.

The train rolled along the single track toward a single destiny. At times it moved faster. Indeed it had to go fast lest the brief moment of opportunity presented to France might be once again torn from her hands. The striking of the wheels at each rail-end measured, like a pendulum, the passage of time, the ultimate truce before battle.

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And then there followed a night punctuated by maneuvering and alerts. You could guess that the mountains were at hand by the locomotive's shortness of breath and by the singing of the wheels along the curves. The floor-planks of the cars shivered under broods of men, of whom many were already wide-mouthed and snoring. The endless jerking of the rails became a part of their very flesh; the engine's power of will made them gradually give way to the power of the night. Some of them were dreaming of shapeless things. In a corner there must surely have sat a young recruit, who was proud of not falling asleep, and who, his heart beating fast within him, reflected secretly upon the strange business of dying.

When the train stopped, many awoke, nudged by the lack of motion. And then we could see the station men waving their lanterns which, in their own mysterious language, conveyed orders from one end of the train to the other. At dawn, the men already felt that they had traveled a long way. Impending battle drove out every other care.

And then came the journey's end. Daylight; and a station where the officers were the first to get off, summoning their men to follow them. From a number of trains, lined up end to end, were mustered-in the infantry division of Algiers and the light mechanized brigade of Algeria. Without admitting it, all were disappointed at everything's quietness. Not a plane thundering in the sky, not even a single shot from a field piece. In the sunshine of a late autumn day might be heard the ceaseless singing of the grasshoppers. The branches of the palm trees stirred with the dignity of seaweed. Everyone felt relieved. Algiers had seemed like the gray shadows of the past, the end of a time. Here everything breathed beginning; already the air was the air of France's tomorrows.

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As they went up into the hills, the troops occasionally met handfuls of refugees coming down toward Bône and Constantine. Their straggling

*Herewith are given translations of two short passages from a book, "Retour au Feu," just published by the Editions de la Maison Française reviewed at length elsewhere in this issue. It deals with the achievements of the French Army in North Africa after the American and British landings in November, 1942.

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bands were encumbered with the same precious possessions as those which burdened the refugees of 1940, but since they were far less numerous, they could line up along the sides of the road, like some outlandish hedge. And they seemed to be about the same sort of people, carrying the same goods in the same little handcarts. At Souk-el-Arba the column came to a halt. Guns were stacked and groups of civilians crowded round the infantrymen. They had nothing to offer them—neither bread nor chocolate. The Germans had long since taken everything. With anguish did the people look upon those who were going back into the fight—with anguish and with love. A host of thoughts sprang up in every mind, but no one spoke them. Rather it was the soldiers who asked the questions: "Have you seen them?" "Where do you hail from?" "Have they got any tanks?"

After a few moments a whistle blew and the soldiers again took up their arms. The civilians drew away.

"Shoulder arms!"

When the company began to move forward again, a voice was heard calling from the ranks: "Don't worry . . . we are all set to go."

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Surrounded with dust, the column of horses drew away. The Arab carts had sought the shelter of one of the mountain's flanks, but the mules remained harnessed to them for there was an alert. Down below in the valley you could see the blankly white little station whence the train had departed to go back and suck the barracks dry of men. The captain had stationed lookouts on the other side of the Oued in order to keep an eye on the network of ravines and rocky pathways up which the sheep were flocking.

Behind a screen of cactus, four "seventy-five's" were waiting. All nature shared the deep joy of early day, and the late autumn atmosphere was so burgeoning with promise that the humblest of the men confusedly tasted its sweetness. Scattered in small groups, with their piles of hand grenades within easy reach, like stacks of unopened bottles at a picnic, the troops had almost blended into the tawny earth, and in order the better to take on the appearance of the countryside, they had bedecked themselves with branches of russet leaves, after the fashion of merrymakers.

Nothing to the right, nothing to the left, nothing behind them. The captain in command had the feeling of representing the entire French Army. Perched on a height of land, he gazed off into the east, into the endless series of the mountain's counterforts. He stood rigid.

A local postmaster had sent word that a detachment of German motorcycle troops was coming at top speed to explore the valley. Let them come! The seventy-fives would get them at point-blank range. Up in the sky you could hear the humming of an airplane, but the light was so harsh that you could not make it out.

Suddenly the countryside became terrible. It was like the springing of an ambush. The noise of sirens, the screaming of wild beasts tumbled from heaven like a water-spout; and the racket of machine guns beat down, pricking the soil with spurts of dust around tufts of men, like the giant raindrops of a late autumn storm. Long red flashes, arrows of fire shot across the sky. Here was something sudden, horrible, a leap from calm to fury, terror without transition. Three planes, three stukas had hurled themselves upon the company.

Guns were aimed in the foxholes, and followed the course of the planes like steel fingers pointing into the heavens. The flank of the hill was the center of one knew not what catastrophe. From the direction of the place where the Arab carts had sought shelter, a great cloud of smoke, shattered with brilliant flame, bestreaked the horizon.

A mule, cut loose from his traces, ran around, terrified by the noise.

The damage done had been savage. Like all vicious things, it was over in a twinkling.

The roar of the motors disappeared from the valley, and you could then make out the shape of the planes which amused themselves hedge-hopping as they glided away. They had wheels with little hoods mounted on struts like claws, and their long wings, canted toward the base, made them look like buzzards. Occasionally they sportively danced as they quavered in shifted balance.

At once there was an ant-like movement from the foxholes, our men having laid aside their arms and torn loose the branches with which they had sought to dissemble themselves. Some pulled themselves out of the ground, happy that it was all over; others seemed to be scratching the earth on all fours. Obviously they were looking for someone. When a sort of silence returned, cries could be heard. The sound was scattered and deep. A confused murmur of exclamations of anger, outcries you could not identify. And then it became precise and articulate in all this tumult. It was a single name, a name repeated by scores of voices. Lorimont, Lorimont . . .

The captain had fallen on his back. Blood and spattered brains were plastered on his hair.

The lieutenant at once took over command of the company, and as he was making a bundle out of the dead man's papers, he started telling how, a year ago, after his arrival from France, Lorimont at a dinner of welcome had sworn before his comrades that he would be the first man killed in all the regiment. . . .

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The Mood of the Workers

What lies back of strikes and strike threats

Francis Downing

AS I WRITE, the strike is over. In a sense the railway workers were psychologically defeated, and did not strike at all. It seems clear that they never intended actually to strike. Steel workers have obeyed their leaders and the surface of things is still.

As I write, the confusion that lay at the bottom of the complexities of the real or putative strikes is worse confounded. General Marshall has been identified as the author of what were, for a moment, anonymous statements. The statements remain. In fact they have gathered the rather dubious strength of the President's approval. And that, as Alice would say, makes things curiouser and curiouser. For somehow the allegations that the strikes took on the character of the Valkyries, almost choosing, as it were, soldiers to die who might otherwise have lived, involves the Administration. Because the railroad difficulties are almost fifteen months old. That on the eve of a strike formulae could be devised for settlement indicates that there were formulae for settlement. The same temporary solutions (and they are only solutions by postponement) were present fifteen months ago, or one month ago.

If the threat of the railway workers to strike was worse than a blunder and near crime, where is the mind so delicate and just that can evenly distribute responsibility? That delicate and just mind is not Hitler's, not General Marshall's. Nor would the tender and just mind appeal to future tears and grief knowing that the illegitimate child called "strike" was not conceived without sin.

The surface of things is still. But the infection remains, and the brown stain spreads on the paralyzing limbs of our State. For the strikes were the symptoms of things. They were the signs of terror that live in the hearts of men who work, and the fear that lies in the beds of their women in the long, puerperal night. They were symptoms of fear where action is inhibited, and where helplessness is a mortifying hand upon the timorous flesh.

It is a strange sort of helplessness born of knowledge in the minds of simple men and women. The knowledge is the knowledge that government has made friends with chaos. It is the knowing that Congress has canceled three-fourths of 1942's income taxes, and allowed profits *after taxes* to double since the war. It is the knowing that prices are gaudy poltergeists stealing workers' bread and milk. It is the knowledge that Washington is drunk like Noah, and bound like Gulliver. It is the knowing that our huge employment is munitions employment. It is the less and more than knowledge of unemployment and no wages at all. It is the knowing that there are such things as cut-backs and elimination of orders. It is the knowledge that in some places unemployment is already a fact of life. It is the sickening insecurity of unemployment's omnipresent fear, and the weak bones crying in the lessening flesh.

The strikes, or near strikes, were engaged in by men who watch their government with ambivalent eyes. Their patriotism, and in some cases, their political allegiance to the President is profound and beyond the need of words. But since it has got into words, I must observe that the question of patriotism is an improper question, and that it never should have been raised. That it is a shameless and invidious approach particularly, since to question it is to create the divisive and evil character of the vital lie. That the workers have sons and brothers in the war even as you and I. And they are more concerned with profit made from those soldiers than you or I. The workers are trying to get money to live. It is as simple as that. They are trying to get money to live on in the days when our economy contracts, and one cannot live off excitement.

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The workers are confused by the government's indecision, by its growing patchwork of suddenly devised formulae, by its proliferation of contradictions. They are angry and sullen and can find no words to voice their sense of reluctant injustice. They are aware of a long since announced stabilization program from which emerge only the stability of wages and the instability of prices and government rulings. They have watched government, like Santayana's fanatic, redouble its efforts when it has forgotten its aims. And they feel helpless to find unity amid the plurality of official contradiction.

The railroad workers have seen the railroads accumulate enormous profits. They are aware

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that the railroads are lobbying to save their reserve funds from taxation. They are aware that the railroads are not using these reserve funds to retire their bonded indebtedness.

The steel workers—all workers—have watched prices rise. They know that the food processors have been successful in their drive to keep prices up. This victory is reflected in the things that workers buy. They have seen OPA in invidious and swift retreat before the canners and the grocers and the advertisers.

The workers are aware of their record of production during the war. Yet they are aware, even from daily knowledge in the shops, of deliberate restrictions put upon production by management. The steel workers are aware that the steel industry has for years lived on restricted production and monopoly price. They know that from the very beginning of the defense program manufacturers of steel and aluminum, as well as of other vital products, refused to expand plants to advance production. They know that strikes are often a matter of definition, and that big business has its own definitions and its own conduct.

But they know, also, that the influence of big business in this war government has increased, perhaps on that account, rather than diminished. They know that labor has no representation in the agencies of government that really shape important policy. It has seemed to them that the Administration has appeased big business; that time after time the Administration has gone to Canossa or to Munich.

They have watched government subsidize new plant construction. They know that in respect of these subsidized plants, industry may amortize them and obtain ownership after five years by means of withholding taxes. They know that government is packed with dollar-a-year men. They have watched companies like the Timken Detroit Axle hold out for what Judge Patterson has called "utterly unreasonable" profits on war contracts. And they have discovered that the Chairman of the Board of that company is the director of the Production Division of the Maritime Commission.

These things do not justify strikes or threat of strikes. But they help to explain that the roots of these things are deep and complex. And they help to explain the state of mind that cannot find evidences of "equality of sacrifice."

They do not understand—these workers—in view of these things—how the Little Steel formula is related to reality. Nor do they understand why a multiplicity of government agencies is allowed to make decisions in respect of wage disputes. Nor why these agencies make rulings that have little relation to reality and no relation to each other or to general and fixed principles.

In the railroad case, for example, the railroad workers scrupulously followed the procedures established by the Railway Labor Act. After negotiations had broken down, a special emergency board—having conducted hearings for forty-four days—recommended a wage increase of eight cents an hour. Yet this recommendation was set aside by Mr. Vinson. This veto Mr. Vinson made out of hand, whereas his duty was to report the fact to the President.

Further confusion was added by Mr. Vinson's demand that the emergency board be re-convened. So far as the non-operating unions were concerned, Mr. Leiserson, chief of the Mediation Board, refused on the ground that only President Roosevelt had the authority to re-convene the Board.

Here is a concrete case which reveals that fixed procedural rules were ignored. It shows a diversity of rulings. It indicates that government agencies are not, themselves, certain where authority finally rests. It shows why workers are possessed by an agonizing state of helplessness. It makes clear that Washington is strange and bewildering and labyrinthine and that there seems to be no thread that will lead one back into the light.

And workers know that while wages are frozen rather than stabilized, farm prices rise like a child's balloon. They know that government has pegged farm prices. They know that the Farm Bureau is one of the most effective lobbies in the United States. They know that its chief, Mr. O'Neal, opposed wage and hour legislation. That he approved the Hobbs Bill and the Smith-Connally Act. That he is opposed to subsidies. That he is singularly responsible for the big prices they pay for their goods. That he is driving for inflation as surely as there is a Blessed Trinity. They know of the enormous and frightening political power that he holds, partly through the use of government money, through the Extension Service in the counties of many of our states.

They know—these workers—that O'Neal is an industrial lobbyist and often works in the interests of industrialists. They know that he has done as much as any person to develop class hate, and to separate farmers from labor.

And, hence, they wonder if he is a vocal instrument behind which monopolistic industry hides, but, like Svengali, helps to operate the voice. And they wonder if there are groups that really want inflation in this country, as Mr. O'Neal seems to want it. And they wonder if industrial groups which have bonded indebtedness that they are not now retiring would find inflation valuable, since it would reduce the redemption value of their bonds. And they know what inflation would do to the values of their own war bonds.

And they are perplexed. And they are angry, in their perplexity, when charges are laid on their

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own patriotism. And they know that in the past patriotism has been the refuge of scoundrels. And they do not want to be exploited during the war or after it. And they move uneasily, wanting order and fairness and justice as Plato defined it: that every man have a right to his own. And they know that the winds are not blowing in the direction of fairness and of justice. For it was no less a person than C. E. Wilson who has pointed out that "right wing reaction may draw some sections of capital so far away from our traditions as to imperil the entire structure of American life."

Russia's Soloviev

A brief account of a great Christian philosopher

C. J. Eustace

IF THERE is one theme that is recurrent in the writings of Russians, yesterday and today, it is that no victory over Bolshevism can be won by the European and American bourgeois spirit. One thing is certain—Russian aims are different from ours, Russia is a land apart from the Western world.

I say that the mysticism, and the profoundly messianic spirit, that animates the writings of all the great Russian philosophers and novelists is to be found even in Soviet foreign policy today*, and that this phenomenon of the spirit may be destined, in the future, to unite West and East, and to change the very form of our civilization.

Among the Russian writers of the last century who have, in one degree or another, manifested the Russian preoccupation with the Kingdom of God—either to be brought about here and now, or in some distantly envisaged future—are Khomiakov, Slavophile and lay theologian; Leontief, who died a monk of the Troitza monastery; Tolstoy and Dostoievsky, both profoundly Christian; Fedorov; and in our own day Nicholas Berdyaev, who now languishes in a nazi concentration camp. But the one Russian theologian and philosopher who devoted his life to making known in his own country and in his own day the claims of a universal Christendom, was Vladimir Soloviev.

Soloviev was born in 1853, the son of the Russian historian, Serge Mikhailovitch Soloviev. His mother was related to the philosopher Skovorod; his grandfather was a priest of the Orthodox Church. Like many of the intelligent young Russians of his day, he was influenced as a boy by the rationalism and agnosticism of Berlin and Paris, and at the tender age of fourteen was persuaded, by his reading of Strauss's "Leben Jesu" and Renan's "Vie de Jésus"—but chiefly by Buchner's "Force and Matter"—that the Christian religion could not withstand the discoveries of science. His father, an enlightened man, saved his impetuous young son by taking his objections seriously, by guiding his reading and thinking. He regained his faith in the reality of the spiritual world—strangely enough—through Spinoza. On leaving the Moscow *gymnasium* he decided that he would be a philosopher.

The political background of his day resembled, at least analogously, the situation in the Kremlin today. There were two extreme main lines of tendency—the Occidentalists, influenced by Western ideas of liberty, evolution and progress. These would have none of the Czarist régime, and of course would also do away with the Orthodox Church. They wanted, as a substitute for religion, a positivism somewhat similar to that of Auguste Comte. The Slavophiles, who were Eastern traditionalists, wanted nothing to do with the West or its ideas; for them the traditional religion of Russia had to be Orthodoxy. Both parties were united in a common hostility to Rome.

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Soloviev's own point of view was that of a Slav of the Slavs, combined with a solid scientific knowledge of the Holy Scriptures and of the writings of the early Fathers of the Church. He was passionately fond of the Russian Fatherland, and believed that if Russia ever became Catholic it would mean the religious transformation of the world. In this belief he was true to the traditional messianic inspiration of the Great Russians. A characteristic of this national spirit is the Russian detachment from worldly things. This can be seen not only in the Platonic influence that runs through most Russian philosophy, but also—most strikingly—in the novels of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky. There is, as Berdyaev claims, a certain anarchism in the Russian character that is "proper to us." The Russians never had much feeling for hierarchical authority. In the novels

* Of course, Soviet policy is motivated by messianic secularism.

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of Dostoievsky incredible numbers of people of different caste, class and education meet on perfectly familiar terms—that is, on terms of the spirit.

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In the eyes of the Westerner, who has become very bourgeois with his over-exaggerated respect for property, the Russian has very little greed or avarice, and little philosophical justification for the possession of property at all. He considers the so-called "solid" virtues of our middle classes as of little value. And this natural disposition of the Russian heart has been strengthened by Orthodoxy itself, which emphasizes the importance of duty much more than that of legal rights.

Thus, Soloviev had to fight not only the century-old deeply ingrained prejudices of the essentially Eastern point of view of the Russian soul but also the pointed criticism that the Orthodox Church leveled against the Roman Church. The Western Church, in Orthodox eyes, was materialistic, had dwelt too long on the human and material element of the Incarnation, had thought more of ecclesiastical domination than of the love of Christ, and had even propagated the faith by force. The Eastern Christians had never forgotten the sack of Constantinople in 1204 by the Crusaders, the destruction of the great Byzantine cities by Western hordes.

Soloviev was a striking figure. A description of him, at the age of twenty-three years, was given by the Vicomte de Vogüé, after meeting him at the house of M. de Lesseps, in Cairo, 1876. "Soloviev has one of those faces that can never be forgotten; he has regular fine features, his face is thin and pale, surrounded by long curly hair. His eyes are wonderful, piercing and thoughtful. He seems to be an idea clothed in flesh of the type of the Slav Christ depicted by the monks on old ikons, one who loves in spite of calumny and suffering. Soloviev is a dialectician and a dreamer; frank as a child, complex as a woman, perplexing, attractive and indescribable." Strangely enough, the description of Newman is not unlike that given above.

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Soloviev was a thinker who, although progressive, was constrained by his very loyalty to the truth to go forward slowly. He was reconverted to Christianity (i.e. to Orthodoxy) before his twentieth year. A prodigious student, he attended lectures on history, philology, physical science, mathematics and theology. He read, and annotated in their original languages, the writings of Plato, Origen, Seneca, Saint Augustine and Bacon, among the ancients; among the moderns, Stuart Mill, Descartes, de Bonald, Kant, Schopenhauer, Hegel, Schelling, Tchadaiev, and Khomiakov. He was not content merely to read these philosophers; he spent nights and days working out his own original thought.

He read his first thesis in Moscow in 1874. It was entitled "The Crisis in Western Philosophy." It attracted much attention, for the Russians recognized in the voice of the young man not only the characteristics of genius, but also a prodigious intellectual force. Above all, Soloviev had the power to lead his listeners to his religious ideal. His success, of course, won him enemies as well as friends. A year after his first thesis was given in Moscow he went to London. The Anglicans took him to their heart, and called him "the Russian Carlyle." He did not stay in London long, but left for the East to study Arabic. While in Paris, en route, he called on Renan, whose "Vie de Jésus" he had admired so much as a boy. Now, a mature thinker, he was frankly critical, and wrote to Prince Tsertelev, at whose request he had visited Renan, "He gave me the general impression of being a vulgar braggart."

When he returned to Russia, some time later, he found life in Petrograd "dead-alive." Upon resuming his lectures at Moscow, he was attacked by the Neo-Slavophiles. The chief reason for this was that his ideas were not *exclusively* Slavophile, which gives one some impression of how narrowly nationalistic this party had become. But if he was critical of Russian reaction, he was also doubly critical of Western individualism and greed for money.

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He issued a stirring call to the Slavophiles to return again to the true principles of Christianity. He condemned both revolutionary and repressive measures, and ended one of his lectures by stating that perversion could only be prevented through converting the masses to morality and Christianity, and pointed out the measures which the Government should take. The Slavophiles immediately identified this as an attack against the government. Soloviev, speaking from his heart, and in all sincerity, was not the first man to have his high spiritual principles reduced by unprincipled men to a political level. The Slavophiles succeeded in having him debarred from lecturing.

After his conversion to Orthodoxy, Soloviev concerned himself with the great question of reunion between East and West. The ideal of a universal Church obsessed him. The spectacle of Christendom, torn by schism into two camps, amazed and frightened him. Even at twenty-five, Soloviev thought that the vital force of both Churches proceeded from Christ. Surely it was an irony that, if this was so, prayer, the liturgy, even the sacraments became not so much means of worship and praise of God, as occasions of

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enmity. Only a well-grounded theology could answer these questions, and so Soloviev took up theology.

We cannot here hope to cover his remarkable work as a theologian and moralist. His study of the early Fathers of the Church, and of Holy Scripture, inclined him toward Rome. He analyzed, with brilliance and clarity, the weaknesses in both the Eastern and Western Churches. In his plea for reunion, Soloviev, who always remained a true Russian, believed that union with Rome, although primarily a duty, would benefit Russia—insuring true liberty to the Eastern Orthodox Church.

It was not until 1884 that he became intellectually convinced of the claims of Rome. He was still, however, uncertain as to the practical obligations resting upon him. In 1883 he had written "May not the visible Church, whose unity is indissoluble, exist simultaneously among the Catholics and ourselves? The separation may be only apparent; the underlying reality is the permanent unity." Of Protestantism he wrote, in 1884, that it had three great defects: it had no apostolic succession; it had tampered with the doctrine of the Incarnation, and consequently it no longer taught the perfect theandrism of Christ, God and man; it had lost the plenitude of the Sacraments. Protestantism, therefore, was outside the Church. "Catholics and members of the Orthodox Church, being loyal on these three points, continue on the contrary to share the life of the Church in common. Therefore my motto will always be: *Ceterum censeo instaurandam esse Ecclesiae unitatem.*"*

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In 1886 he entered into correspondence with Monsignor Strossmayer, Bishop of Bosnia and Sirmium. By this time Soloviev had become suspect in Russia, and it was not possible for him to meet this Bishop until June of that year. They met in Austria. Soloviev's problem was now that of submission to the claims of Saint Peter, without openly giving the impression that he was converted. Writing (in 1885) to Princess Elizabeth Volkonsky, a woman of rare intuition and piety, who was to influence his life at this juncture, he observed, "I think that conversion or outward union is useless, and even harmful. I have deterred several people from it, for our Church ought to be recognized as professing a correct faith."

Soloviev, as a man of immense prudence and faith, anxious only to do what was best for his beloved Russia and Slav tradition, did not make his final submission to the Roman Church until 1896. Meanwhile, during a serious illness, in 1892, he had received the last sacraments of the Orthodox Church from Father Orlov. After this, despite his pious life, his irreproachable character, secret instructions were given to the Orthodox clergy to refuse communion to him as a "suspect." Soloviev never had any intention of being a *Latin* member of the Church. "It is the Church of Rome, not the Latin Church," he wrote, "that is the *mater et magistra omnium Ecclesiarum.*"

On February 18, 1896, he was received into the Catholic Church by a convert priest, Father Nicholas Tolstoy, at the Church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, Moscow. Soloviev had always insisted upon the privileges of the Eastern rites, and he made it quite clear that in joining the Church he was not joining the Latin rite. His profession of faith is profoundly interesting:

> As a member of the real and venerable Orthodox Eastern or Greek-Russian Church which speaks neither by an anti-canonical synod nor by the servants of the secular power . . . I acknowledge as supreme judge in matters of religion . . . the Apostle Peter who lives in his successors, and has not heard in vain the words of the Savior: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church—confirm My brethren—feed My sheep, feed My lambs."

On his deathbed he could not obtain the ministrations of a priest of either the Uniate or Latin rites, and so received the last Sacraments from the village pope, who was an Orthodox. This he was entitled to do, since any validly ordained priest has jurisdiction at the moment of death.

Thus this saintly man, whom Dostoievsky used as a symbol of the Russia to come, by making him the prototype for the third brother, Alyosha, in "The Brothers Karamazov," died in full communion with Rome. There are many Soloviev Societies functioning today. As Soloviev spoke with the voice of the Universal Church, so perhaps he will be one of the instruments in the Catholicizing of that immense reservoir of spiritual power, perhaps the greatest in the world today, which is to be found in the simple, messianic Russian peoples.

We cannot do better than conclude with a quotation from his own beautiful prose-poem, in which he symbolizes his life's work:

> In the white freshness of the day I walk, always alone, through an undiscovered country. The mists disperse. Mine eyes see clear ahead—how steep the mountain path is, and how far away everything still seems—everything that I have dreamed.
>
> Until nightfall will I go; marching with unwearied stride to the long desired shore, where, under the light of the early stars and in the blaze of triumphal fires, glows on the mountain top the temple that was promised me—the home that shall be mine.

* It should be noted here that in declaring Protestantism outside the Church, Soloviev was speaking of union with the one and only visible Church, and not denying that many Protestants, and other men of good faith, are Christ's *by faith*. This is the distinction that Saint Thomas makes when speaking of the differing members of Christ's Mystical Body.

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Communications

THE WHITE RUSSIANS

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: You must be heartily congratulated for your discussion of the Polish frontier issue (October 15, November 5 and 12, 1943). You are the only Catholic editors who, laying aside all sentimentalism—the scourge of our present day Catholicism—dared state the truth so frankly and openly. Of course, as far as the White Russians (Byelorussians) are concerned, they will never consent to be cut off from the other half of White Russia. In the following paragraphs I should like to state the White Russian case against Poland.

A delimiting map of White Russia was made by the academician E. F. Karsky and published by the Petrograd Academy of Science in 1917. The same map, with a few changes introduced into it by Professor M. Dovnar-Zapolsky, was presented to the Versailles Peace Conference, as the groundwork for recognition of the right of the White Russians to self-determination and to organize their own independent State.

According to this map the territory inhabited by the White Russian, or Byelorussian, people borders, in the south, on the River Pripet; in the west, it goes as far as the Western Bug, reaches the sources of the Narev and the Bobr, comprising the latter's tributaries, and then extends along the Niemen with its own tributaries almost to the very mouth of the River Vilia; in the north, that boundary line crosses the Western Dvina and extends as far as the River Lovat; in the east, it reaches out to the sources of the Volga and the beginning of the left tributaries of the Upper Dnieper.

According to the administrative division of Czarist Russia, the White Russian people inhabited the governments of Minsk, Mogilev, Smolensk, Vitebsk, Vilno, Grodno, a portion of the Suvalki government and that of the Chernigov province, and, in the east, the adjoining districts of the governments of Pskov, Tver, Kaluga and Orlov. The entire territory of White Russia extends over 300,000 square kilometers. In 1921 there lived in White Russia 14,070,000 people, 77 percent of whom were White Russians.

Who are the White Russians? Abroad they were quite often confused with the other "White Russians," that is to say those Russians who opposed the Revolution and fought against the Bolsheviks in the Russian Civil War. So that there might be no mistake made on that score, the Soviet rulers changed the terminology and began to describe the White Russian nation by its own linguistic name—the Byelorussians, from Bielarusy, which literally means, of course, "White" Russians.

The White Russians belong ethnically to the Eastern or Russian group of Slavs, deriving their race from the ancient Slavs called Krivichy, Radzimichy, Drihvichy. The ancient principality of Polotsk was once the center of their national (not in the modern sense, of course) cultural and religious life. Saint Euphyrosyne (1101-1173) was a princess of Polotsk. Distinguished for her extraordinary beauty and high intellectual endowments, she was a great figure in the social and princely world of that time. Her parents wanted to capitalize on her beauty and talents. Nevertheless, Pradslava (her name before she left the world), while still very young—only 18 years old, some say 12—despite the strong opposition of her parents, decided to dedicate her entire life to Christ, and entered a monastery. Mina, Bishop of Polotsk, permitted her monastic profession. For a long time she lived as a solitary. Later she founded in Polotsk a convent which existed until the overthrow of the Russian Empire in 1917. This convent became a uniate convent after the Union of Brest in 1596. In this way the veneration of Saint Euphrosyne was introduced into the Catholic Church.

Saint Euphrosyne had great influence over other princesses of the house of Polotsk. Several of them became nuns in her monastery. Princess Gorislava, her own sister, and Princess Zvenislava, her first cousin, were among the first to follow her example. Her sister-in-law, widow of Prince Roman, and her two nieces, daughters of her brother Prince Viacheslav, did likewise a little later. Saint Euphrosyne's interest in monastic life and in the education of youth was extraordinary. Even in those early days she founded schools and orphanages, established in her monastery a special section for transcribing the Holy Bible and liturgical books, traveled to Byzantium in the interest of education. Finally, in order to satisfy her religious zeal and piety, she went to the Holy Land and died in Jerusalem in 1173. She is a lovely and marvelous saint and should be made, in the humble opinion of the present writer, the patroness of labor for Christian Unity between the Western and the Eastern Christianity.

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The White Russians were under Polish domination for a long, long time, especially after the "Union of Lublin" in 1569 and until the end of the Polish State in 1795. During that period the White Russian nobility left their people and became Poles; the Polish Sapiehas, for instance, are former White Russians of the Eastern rite. The people alone preserved their native tongue, their customs, national traits, mode of living. Once there throve a flourishing White Russian (ancient White Russian) literature and culture. Dr. Francis Skaryna, for instance, was the first translator and printer of the Bible into White Russian (sixteenth century). It was some time before as much was done at Moscow. The Poles, however, brought greater and greater pressure against the White Russian culture and language, the Polonized White Russian nobility often playing the leading rôle in this nefarious work. When finally White Russia came under the control of the Czars, her cultural situation did not improve; in fact it became worse. The printing of White Russian books and the diffusion of White Russian culture were forbidden. In the second half of the eighteenth century a White Russian underground cultural revival took place. The father of this revival was a White Russian Roman Catholic lawyer of Vilna, Maciej Buraczok (Francis Bahushevich) by name, who succeeded in publishing abroad (in Cracow, then under Austria) a collection of

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his own poems in White Russian, "Dudka Bielaruskaja" ("The White Russian Reed") and "Smyk Bielaruski" ("The White Russian Fiddlestick"). After the Russian Revolution of 1905 Byelorussian cultural centers were established in Vilna, Minsk, Petersburg, Moscow and elsewhere. But after the Revolution of 1917, the Byelorussian revival assumed vast proportions. The Byelorussian Soviet Republic was established in which Byelorussian literature, drama, music, dance, etc., despite all the attendant difficulties, most beautifully developed.

White Russians are either Orthodox or Roman Catholics; the vast majority belong to Russian Orthodoxy. These Orthodox are former Uniates, though, of course, originally, before the Union of Brest, they were all Orthodox. The Union in question, made without the consent of the people or the majority of the hierarchy of the Russian Church, and more for political reasons than out of zeal for the Kingdom of God, introduced into the land tears, sorrows, disorders, religious conflicts, endless sufferings on both sides, the Catholic and the Orthodox. No Catholic who really knows its history can be very proud of that Union. But violence again came into play when the Russians began to convert the "Uniates" back to Russian Orthodoxy: some went back freely, others had to be dragged in. It all shows that the problem of Christian Unity can be solved only by truly Christian means—by prayer, charity, good works, dissipation of prejudices, ignorance, and the practice of all Christian virtues.

White Russian Roman Catholics and White Russian Orthodox belong to the same nation. They speak the same White Russian language, are endowed with the same national traits, have the same national customs, lead the same mode of life. Among themselves they live in peace and harmony. Very often one finds Orthodox and Catholics in the same family, and yet there is no more trouble than in other families which are entirely Orthodox or entirely Catholic. The trouble comes only when there is pressure from the outside. So often attempts have been made to make the White Russian Catholics "Poles" and the White Russian Orthodox "Russians," "Muscovites." It was precisely in consequence of such attempts that the bonds of Christian charity were broken, justice violated, intense hatred engendered in the hearts of many, and even entire Christian families ruined. There went on a constant combat for the White Russian soul, not, indeed, out of zeal for God's glory and the good of that poor soul itself, but chiefly out of zeal for Poland, on the one hand, and out of zeal for Russia, on the other. May the Lord deliver us from such zeal after the present war and forever thereafter!

Somebody may ask: whence did the White Russian Roman Catholics (in the number of about three million souls) come? Are they not really Poles living in White Russia? No, they are not Poles, even though the Poles constantly claim them for their own. All these people are descendants of former White Russian Uniates who, in turn, were descendants of White Russian Orthodox faithful. Many contributing causes induced them to become Roman Catholics—Polish politics and influence, the labors of the Jesuits in particular and those of Polish clergy in general, the persecution of the Uniates by the Russian government, etc. Some say that German missionaries also labored among the White Russians. Unfortunately, religion became identified with nationality. To be a Roman Catholic meant to be a Pole; to be an Orthodox meant to be a Russian. In Roman Catholic churches the people never heard a sermon preached or the Gospel read to them in their native tongue: it was invariably in Polish. In the Orthodox churches, such things were done invariably in Russian. The people's minds were poisoned; the "Poles" were set against the "Russians" and *vice versa,* even though they were the very same nation to the marrow of their bones. When the Communists branded "religion" as the opium of the people, they could point to concrete instances where religious leaders and bodies were really administering religion to the people not for the enlightenment of their minds and souls, but to becloud them. All this was, of course, to the detriment not only of the White Russians themselves and of human society in general, but also of the Church.

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Once the White Russian revival had started, the Byelorussians gradually began to form their own intelligentsia, their own leaders, cultural, educational, and even political. White Russian Roman Catholics learned to realize more and more clearly that they were by no means "Poles," but White Russians! The Poles became alarmed and strove with might and main to stifle, to suppress this movement in Western White Russia, bringing to the task all available means—school, church, printed word, police forces, imprisonment, punishment by fining, confiscation of property, etc.

The Polish objective was to change Western White Russia into "White Poland." Therefore the Polish government employed every possible means to denationalize the country. First of all, it flooded the land with Polish colonists, giving them the best White Russian soil, while the natives themselves possessed but little land or none at all, being obliged thereafter to labor on the farms of those who seized their lands, and that, too, for the smallest wages. Western White Russia was flooded with Polish teaching personnel, Polish officials, the Polish police, Polish clergy, and the Roman Catholic Seminary of Vilna was filled up with Polish seminarians.

A fierce war was declared on the White Russian schools, press, language, culture. By 1939 there were no longer any White Russian schools in the whole of Western White Russia, save one in Vilna, trying to function under most difficult circumstances. White Russian publications were suppressed, liquidated and forbidden, their editors and publishers fined, or incarcerated, or both. The White Russian clergy, both Catholic and Orthodox, were persecuted and forbidden to preach to the people in their native language. White Russian Roman Catholic monasteries of the Marian Fathers (one at Druja and the other at Vilna) were liquidated and the monks dispersed by orders of the Polish government, unopposed in any way by the Polish hierarchy.

The boundaries of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of

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Vilna were extended in such a way as to include portions of Poland whither the White Russian clergy could be sent and thus deprived of contact with their own people.

A protest to the Polish government by Orthodox bishops, dated July 16, 1938, read in part: "The report speaks of the 'terrible occurrence' which took place very recently in Lublin County, 'filling with horror all Orthodox Russian people in Poland.' More than 100 churches were demolished, some of them so aged that they existed at the time Poland was governed by its Kings. Poland itself, before it was resuscitated after the miseries of the World War to the life of a free State, has passed through such troubled times: it was religion that inspired her in times of stress. It was hardly imaginable, therefore, that a time was nearing when a Christian country would subject Christian temples to such harsh and unjust treatment. The history of all nations, and especially of the Polish nation, is a vivid manifestation of the truth that violence and cruelty never attain the ends as envisioned by persons bereft of truth and justice. Whose is the responsibility, should hate predominate? Sharing these bitter sufferings with our faithful flock, we, Prelates of the Russian Orthodox Church in Poland, unite herewith our own sorrow and heart-ache to those of our people, thus marking for all time the singularly tragic year 1938—the Jubilee Year of Saint Vladimir's conversion to Christianity. We lay before the representatives of supreme power in Christian Poland our heartfelt deepest grief, engendered by the fact that such terrible injustice, comparable only to trampling under foot Christ's truth and love, could be meted out to us, Christians in a Christian country." (Signed by Dionisius, Metropolitan of Warsaw and all Poland, and six Archbishops and Bishops.)

No Polish prelate of the Roman rite raised his voice to protest these acts of injustice and violence. The Ukrainian (Uniate) Metropolitan of Lvov, Andrew Sheptitzky, lifted up his voice, but he was at once silenced.

Poland, "Shield of Christendom"? Don't we yet realize that the godless communists of Russia could not even dream of such success as unhappily Poland has achieved in harming Christ's Church, in inspiring hatred in Russian hearts toward the Catholic Church? Remember that what Catholic Poland does, Rome does in the eyes of the average Russian.

The conditions under which the White Russian people lived under Polish domination were appalling; ignorance, poverty and misery were rampant everywhere. The Polish government did absolutely nothing to improve economic and cultural conditions, for it knew that an enlightened, cultured people in improved conditions of life could throw off the yoke of oppression so much the more easily, especially since Russia would be right there to help them. The burden of life under heavy taxation, in the midst of poverty and extreme misery became almost unbearable. The people were simply silent, waiting for some change in their life, any change, even war.

The Polish persecution of White Russians in Western White Russia was far more insidious and profound than the communist persecution of White Russians (Byelorussians) in Eastern White Russian, although not so violent physically, indeed practically bloodless. The Poles conspired against the very national soul of the White Russian; they wanted to eliminate it entirely and replace it with the Polish soul, filled with aversion, hatred for everything Byelorussian. The communists persecuted the White Russian not for his national soul or culture or language; on the contrary, they wanted him to possess and develop all these good things as much as possible, and that is why they created the White Russian University at Minsk, the White Russian Academy of Sciences, countless elementary schools, a great many secondary schools and technicums, etc.; built Byelorussian theaters, opera houses, printed Byelorussian books, newspapers, magazines; but they persecuted him because he was opposed to the establishment of the new economic order of things, because he was not so eager to carry out five-year plans, etc. Hence the White Russian can forgive the Russian communist far more easily than he can the Polish Catholic: the former wanted him "to live and to live well," but the latter plotted against his life from the beginning.

The White Russians will not go back under the Polish yoke of oppression: they will demand the right of plebiscite to determine their own destiny. But if they are forced to live again under Poland's rule, humanity may expect World War III. One cannot treat millions of people like herds of cattle, especially since there is the mighty Russia to watch over them.

WHITE RUSSIAN CATHOLIC PRIEST.

This interesting plea seemed to us to deserve a hearing. With it, every viewpoint on the troublous question of Poland's frontier, now so much in the news, has been given expression in our columns and we feel that the discussion must be temporarily suspended.—THE EDITORS.

The Stage & Screen

Over Twenty-One

HAND (I think) in glove, Ruth Gordon as playwright and George Kaufman as director have plotted the first comedy hit of the season, and very plain funny it is. A slender story, more an arrangement, or better, an association of skills rather than a fixed play, Miss Gordon's script blithely delivers an amateur Army wife to an Army Camp and into the arms of her adored Army husband in very good time to push, pull, cajole, cherish and beat the man through all the vicissitudes of O.C.S. training, and to graduate him 271st in a class of 352. And if this outline has a fairly familiar ring to readers of this column, let me assure them that this time, it's fun. That the G.I. in question is well "Over Twenty-One" is, of course, the point of the scheme. Moreover, the fact that he is established as erstwhile editor of a liberal newssheet while his rapturous spouse is down as Hollywood writer and wit provides not only hilarity but also intriguing problems of identification to a fascinated house. Add to this a number of adroit actors, a jig-saw set furnished by Raymond Sovey every property of which

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is used (there is, of course, never a still-life on a Kaufman stage), some labyrinthic pantomime, and perhaps a little too much noise; and the result is a fleeting evening with the most stimulating lobby copy in town.

As for performance, I thought Harvey Stephens' Soldier certainly a lesson in balance and surety for anyone interested in craft as well as charm. In a part which might so easily have faded into background, Mr. Stephens was endearing as well as virile, and nice, and honest, and thoughtful, and quiet; all qualities which are only projected with a maximum of dexterity and choice. I hope he will stay around from now on. Playing an irate Publisher, Loring Smith drew a good portion of the laughs and banged them precisely; Philip Loeb's short Hollywood Magnate was neat; Beatrice Pearson's Dumb Bunny accurate casting; and the rest as special. All of which leads us finally and directly to the star, Miss Gordon herself in the rôle of (Guess Who!) "Paula Wharton," the pivot of the piece.

In a word, I suppose the most honest description of Miss Gordon's attack must be *tantalizing*. Writing evidently more from observation than invention, she has conjured for herself a sort of glorious walk-on with no challenge at all; and the result is not a woman so much as an actress, a triumph rather than a part. And for her multiple admirers, certainly an exercise in nostalgia as well as gaiety. All the discoveries of the past are here—the enchanted meandering air, the sibilant pause, the sudden din, the gestures (hand curled to the forehead, or clutching the sixth rib), the high shy jangling voice—a sort of Review, A Selection of Gordon, accompanied by lines rather than springing from them. It's all wonderful, funny, beautiful *brouhaha* and everyone loved it, but I prefer to think of it in the light of a promise rather than a period in the career of one of the most astute character actresses we have. I hope, right now this minute, Miss Gordon is busy magicking still another show—one designed for the combined talents of a Mrs. Siddons, Little Nell, Lynn Fontanne, and Charlie Chaplin—and that she will, of course, play it herself. Please. (*At the Music Box.*)

Ramshackle Inn

THAT Zasu Pitts (lady of fifteen hands and no profile) has finally chosen to "walk the boards" will be, I think, good news to everyone. Although it is sad that her vehicle, a melodramatic farce by George Batson, is a wobbly. An affair of corpses, blackouts, wild weathers, and G-Women, the piece is sleepmaking rather than scaring, and nobody sports a fright-wig on either side of the lights. There are some laughs, but unfortunately these are over and over again. Perhaps, if you like Miss Pitts as much as I do, you will want to watch her at work at the Royale these evenings, but I think it's pretty much of an uphill job for all concerned. Frederick Fox's set is good. (*At the Royale.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

Goodbye to the Rovers

IT HAS BEEN interesting to watch Hollywood change its style of heroes in war pictures. The Rover Boys with their individual brands of heroics have been missing from these films lately; and our heroes have been not the man but the group, the crew, the company. 1943 saw several good war films in which the group as a whole was more the center of interest than any one handsome and dashing figure. And this was as often the case in pictures in which a top ranking star leads the list of names as those marked by the absence of glittering star dust. "Bataan," "Guadalcanal Diary," "Corvette K-225," "Sahara," "Air Force," "Action in the North Atlantic" showed a cross-section and emphasized the oneness of a group acting together. While I don't for one minute think that the Rover Boys are going to remain dormant for the duration, I do find it agreeable to have at least a short vacation from that serious brother, that smartest brother and Tom, the fun-loving one. Of course these Rovers turn up in a mild way even in the better war films, but fortunately no one Rover is able to steal the camera for too long at a time or to label himself The Hero. Two new films, that might have become top heavy with stars and histrionics, fall into this latest trend which considers the man, but concentrates on the men.

In *"Destination Tokyo,"* we live intimately with the crew of the U.S.S. *Copperfin* from Christmas Eve of 1942 until many months later, when the sub drags its war-scarred hulk back into San Francisco Bay. It was, as its captain predicted, "a long time between beers," and the trip proves full of excitement and suspense. Director Delmar Daves spends much footage acquainting us with the men before the real action starts. There is the usual diversified cross-section: the serious, capable captain (Cary Grant); the talkative cook with the foreign accent (Alan Hale); the big, friendly Irish guy (Tom Tully); the tough lug who has been around and will talk about his conquests with women (John Garfield); the serious pharmacist mate who got an A in chemistry and thinks he's an atheist (William Prince); the wet-behind-the-ears youngster who is intense about everything (Bob Hutton); the Greek whose patriotism is misunderstood, the executive officer, etc., etc. Once the excitement starts, things happen with a bang. The *Copperfin* goes to the Aleutians, picks up a reserve officer, is attacked by Jap planes, has to dislodge (in a sequence that is breathless with suspense) an unexploded bomb from its aft deck, finally gets into Tokyo Harbor after eluding a series of mine fields and submarine nets, discharges three men who go ashore to make readings which are radioed to the *Hornet!* Then we see the bombardment of Tokyo. And just about as we feel we've watched as many thrills as any one film should hold, the camera takes us back to the *Copperfin* as we follow her course out of the Tokyo Harbor and into her own terrific depth bombardment by Jap destroyers. This long scene has almost enough material for a full length movie, and while it conveys successfully the strain of being in a submarine on which ash cans are falling one after the other, it is almost more than any audience can take, particularly an audience that has sat through the series of climaxes already provided by this story. For me the two most thrilling sequences were those showing the green youngster crawling forward to un-fuse the bomb, and later the appendectomy performed

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by the inexperienced pharmacist mate (an operation you must have read about in one of its many accounts). "Destination Tokyo" could have been a better movie had it been shorter and had it not tried to be the last and most complete visualization of submarine warfare. As it stands, it is a praiseworthy tribute to the men who serve under the sea and are heroes without giving a thought to heroics.

"Gung Ho!" also succeeds in conveying the fear psychology that creeps over the bravest men when they are confined in a submarine. This is done in a few moving scenes that are only a small part of the complete story about a group of hand-picked, specially trained marines who raided Makin Island. Lucien Hubbard's simple and well-knit screenplay is based on the factual story by Lieutenant W. S. Le François, U.S.M.C., about Carlson's Raiders. We see the careful selection of men from 15,000 marine volunteers, and we come to know one group well: the Kentucky mountaineer (Rod Cameron), a veteran marine (Sam Levene), an ordained minister (Alan Curtis), a couple of bickering step-brothers (Noah Beery, Jr., and David Bruce), a college boxing champ (Bob Mitchum), a "no good" kid from Brooklyn (Harold Landon). Their commander (Randolph Scott) makes a lot of speeches in the manner of captain Noel Coward of "In Which We Serve"; and their lieutenant (J. Carrol Naish) exhibits a rather tender heart under his rough exterior. We learn the why and wherefore of the six months stiff training of this rough bunch of men and the strict elimination of any who cannot take it when we see them go into action on Makin Island. Point by point the marines move forward in some of the bloodiest fighting I have seen on the screen. This is no film for the squeamish. Director Ray Enright has steeped it in realism, in hard boiled action, in suspense; and this entire Walter Wanger production has a well rounded quality. It is as if the film were saying here is one episode in World War II; this is one of many such episodes and one you should know about for it is typical of how our men have to fight and die in conquering the Japanese. "Gung Ho!" makes one childish mistake. It drags in several sequences in the beginning which show the scrapping step-brothers competing for a girl. The horseplay is not in keeping with the film's seriousness, patriotic intentions, or the finale which pleads for a just and equitable peace.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Back in the Fight

C. G. PAULDING

ANDRE LABARTHE has written a book in French called "Retour au Feu"* which means going back into the line, or getting back into the fight. It is the story of how the French regular army, defeated in 1940, re-entered the war against Germany in North Africa in 1942. It is the explanation of how that French regular army was still in existence in 1942 and able to constitute a combatant force. After all, the Germans had conquered

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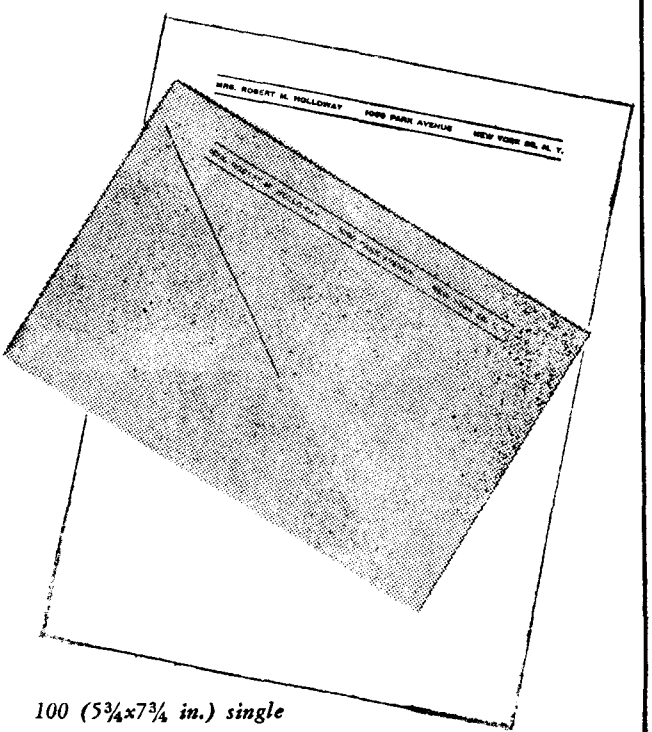

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the French nation, their victory had dissolved the French army, the German and Italian military commissions were in North Africa to see that the French army remained powerless. After all, there was Vichy; there was the government in Vichy and the Marshal and various generals and everyone in Vichy seemed to accept the fact of defeat, the fact that there might be a French police force dressed as soldiers in France and in North Africa—but not real soldiers, not soldiers with any idea of being prepared to fight against the victorious German army.

But in 1942, in North Africa, there was a French army, a disciplined French army, an army that obeyed orders. At first in some regions the orders were to oppose the landing of the American troops. The French army obeyed these orders, and there were Frenchmen and Americans who died because of these orders and this obedience to orders. But almost at once the orders were changed; the orders were to fight the Germans. And these orders too were obeyed. The first orders were obeyed because an army that is an army obeys orders; the orders to fight the Germans were obeyed because military discipline is useful in carrying out the profoundly willed action, the profoundly shared desire of a nation's soldiers determined to restore the pride and the power of their country. If that will to fight the Germans had not existed, there would have been no French army in North Africa capable of fighting the Germans. I am not inventing that will to fight the Germans; the French in North Africa had that will, and proved that they had that will by inventing a French North African army where such an army was not supposed to exist. The existence of the army proves the will. The ulterior conduct of that army proved that the will was strong. We must remember that the French North African army existed and that it fought.

One cannot remember what one has not known. In America we have hardly been told anything about that army, very little about what it accomplished. The point has seemed to be that our diplomacy prevented its opposing much resistance to our landing forces, but from then on we went off into discussions about de Gaulle, Darlan, Giraud; we went off into endless political discussion. If, during the North African campaign, you read the papers carefully, there were, of course, dispatches indicating that there was a French army fighting with us. Some of the dispatches were generous. But there was no real picture of the French action. Naturally enough our papers spoke mostly about the action of our own forces. Indeed at times, even the British Eighth Army was out of the picture. The French were, almost always.

Our neglect of the French came from the fact that we had not been prepared to think that there was a French army in North Africa. We knew that there was a de Gaulle army in Africa; the Gaullists took care that we should know about Leclercq and the desert army. And it was indeed a brave army. But the Gaullists were not interested in telling us about the regular French army; they were only interested in trying to get the regular French army to become a Gaullist army. Their interest was to attempt to show that it could not be a good army, it could not be an army that would fight against the Germans, unless it became a Gaullist army. The Gaullists—and, of course, our liberals—kept telling us to beware of Weygand, to beware of all the generals of the regular army, to beware of all Frenchmen who were not in the underground organizations or abroad. André Labarthe has something to say about this: "It was brave and rash to proclaim from London in June, 1940, that the Nation remained invincible in spite of the disaster which had befallen its sons. It was just as noble, just as rash to work upon the very body of the nation, sharing its distress, and to act with so strong a will and so great a fervor that you became its sap and leaven. For that work ardor was needed, trickery, courage, heroism and so great a selflessness that one had to accept before undertaking this task to remain neither known, nor adulated, nor, sometimes, even understood."

Hidden from the German and Italian commissions, but hidden also from our knowledge in America, that was the work the French in North Africa carried on from 1940 to 1942. They hid arms, supplies, trucks, and men from the Germans, from the Italians. They argued, pleaded, cheated in order to recreate an army. Young Frenchmen came from France to join up. They came as "tourists." The French in North Africa used all the tricks that the Germans after 1919 had used in Germany. Everywhere soldiers disguised as almost anything else were being trained for war. Manoeuvers were held in the desert, in the mountains. Recruiting of native troops continued and, incidentally, it is an amazing thing that the French were able to hold the natives' loyalty when to all appearances there was no longer a France to fear. The French army which had been dissolved insisted on remaining an army and, if we had known what the French were doing in North Africa during the years between the defeat and the new war against the Germans, we should have had greater confidence in what undoubtedly was going on in France itself. We should have been less willing to accept the theory that France itself had yielded to defeat, lived complacently in subservience. The German example after 1919 should have warned us that no nation is defeated without continuing the struggle after defeat, that no nation accepts foreign domination, that a nation will never voluntarily accept to disappear as a nation. We should have known that the degree of refusal is proportionate to the harshness of the victor, and that the French after their defeat had far greater reasons than the Germans after theirs to live with an intense and irreducible determination to rediscover and reconquer their freedom.

The Germans after 1919 did not tell what they were doing; the French after 1940 could not tell what they were doing, even to their friends. We never knew what the French were doing in North Africa. The Germans and the Italians never knew what they were doing. Had we known what they were doing, a great many of our journalists would not have been so cruelly unjust to the French: had the Germans known, the corps of French officers in North Africa would have been decimated by a colossal firing squad. So that it is just as well that we did not know and that the Germans never knew and that the French were able to remake an army.

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Because that army they reinvented, that army they improvised—although it had no transport, few guns, little food; although it was not a great army in numbers—held the Germans and the Italians in Tunisia until the British Eighth arrived, until the British could land in the north in numbers, until the Americans could be in numbers at the front. That French army whose existence and spirit we had not suspected, fought in the mountains against increasingly superior forces, held a long line against the Germans and the Italians, was beaten back inch by inch, infantry against tanks, infantry against dive bombers, infantry with its supplies brought up by mules when there were any supplies available, infantry with no modern weapons holding the Afrika Korps.

The French had come back into the war; they had come back looking like the soldiers of 1914; they had the equipment of 1914; they held, the French infantry held, against the crack German forces; they held against the motorized German and Italian forces, against the tanks; they held when the Germans had complete mastery of the air. They held with their courage and their will. They had nothing else to assist them. Their gallantry was immense. Their losses were exceedingly heavy. They held until the British Eighth broke through the Mareth Line, until the Americans and the British could arrive in force, until the irresistable weight of our matériel could be thrown into the balance. If they had not held, if they had not fought tanks with a few mortars, a few old fashioned rifles, the Americans and the British landings in the north might have been contained at their beach heads.

It was not for a few days, a few weeks that the French held an essential and a major portion of the line. It was for months. It took months before the British and Americans could bring their weight to bear.

The military men know what happened; they know how the French fought; they know what we owe the French. But the American public does not know. I hope that André Labarthe's book will be translated into English because Americans should know what it is fair and just to know. They should know that France's will to resistance, will to rebirth has been expressed and proved by the regular French army—at great cost, effectively, and with heroism.

Editors' Choice

PERSONS AND PLACES. THE BACKGROUND OF MY LIFE. *George Santayana. Scribners.* $2.50.

AVALANCHE. *Kay Boyle. Simon & Schuster.* $2.50.

Avila and Boston

"NOT that I would nail the flag of fatalism to the mast at the beginning of this retrospective voyage," says George Santayana in one of the early pages of "Persons and Places." But it is impossible to suppose that the amazing and improbable concourse of circumstances to which he owed his birth and upbringing did not set

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him within a web of conflicting influences, confronting him with an extreme necessity to select and to unify. He was born of a Spanish mother and father in Madrid but in order for this event to take place there had been the most unlikely amount of travel, the most mysterious timing, a most inscrutable providence. His mother was born in Glasgow of Catalan parents and then her father removed her to Virginia and after a time he came back to Spain, to Barcelona, as American Consul. He did not stay in Spain. He proceeded to the Philippines as a Spanish Government official. A very minor one, on a very small island. Then he died. Santayana's mother was left an orphan, at the age of twenty, on "a remote island peopled only by Indians." (It is a pity to tell this story, to ruin this romantic story by not leaving it as Santayana has written it—he goes forward and back among his memories, composing them with great art—yet there is his birth for which we must account before we can speak of what he became.) So then his mother married Mr. Sturgis of Boston; she bore him five children, she went with him to Boston and returned with him to Manila. And then he died.

She was not left penniless. She might have remained in Manila, she might have returned to Spain, she chose to go to Boston. She chose a strange and enduring loyalty to the Boston Sturgises. A loyalty so strange and enduring that after she had left Boston and returned to Spain and married Santayana's father and given birth to George, she did not remain overlong in Spain, she did not become part of Spain, she made her way back to Boston and to the Sturgises across the sea. She seems to have returned to Spain for the limited purpose of putting a Spanish son into the world.

The son lingered for a while with his father in Spain and then was called to Boston, to the Latin School, to Beacon Street, to Harvard, to a contemplation of the Sturgis family, of Puritanism, of Catholicism in America.

There was, then, this American influence and the Spanish influence, this family which had produced a child in Spain yet which had cut him away—even before his birth—from any possibility of being wholly Spanish. And not only because his mother had lived so great a part of her life away from Spain and because she was to claim his presence in America. His father too had travelled to the Philippines, but it was not only that. It was that his father was no longer unconcernedly Spanish; for instance he did not accept unquestioningly the Spanish habit of being Catholic. So that in this confusion of countries in which he lived the one after the other, Spain, America, England, Santayana was not provided with the traditional faith his birth might have given him. He was provided with accurate information concerning that faith; throughout his life awareness of that faith has been inseparable from his thought. It is, he thinks, the only faith a European can have; certainly the only faith a Spaniard can have. It is a wonderful, logical and beautiful faith. It is not the true faith only because no faith can be true; all are invented in answer to man's deep need. All have always been invented; they follow each other; it is "always Santa Maria sopra Minerva." "I saw now that there was only one possible play, the actual history of nature and of mankind, although there might well be ghosts among the characters and soliloquies among the speeches. Religions, *all* religions, and idealistic philosophies, *all* idealistic philosophies, were the soliloquies and the ghosts. They might be eloquent and profound. Like

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Hamlet's soliloquy they might be excellently reflective criticisms of the play as a whole."

It would be impertinent to discuss Santayana's philosophy in this brief notice of his entrancing memoirs. For a long time he stood " 'at the church door' with regret at never having really lived inside." But afterward he made up his mind. Afterward, in a book filled with nostalgia and emotion and great sensitiveness, Santayana the poet, the mind incapable of vulgarity or flatness, was able to write this flat cold sentence: "Beliefs have an earthly origin and can be sanctioned only by earthly events."

It is perhaps the only flat and cold sentence in the book. It should not discourage anyone from reading this most fascinating account of an extremely interesting life. The early years in Spain, Avila, the life of a Spanish town, school years in Boston, the friends Santayana made in Cambridge, the return to Spain—all this, experienced by an artist, thought seriously by a man who has a feeling for history, makes "Persons and Places" one of the finest and most illuminating of autobiographies. Sometimes one feels that the illumination is a little cold, the landscape a little desertic. Sometimes the detachment seems a little too like irremediable loneliness.

Hollywood Thriller

THERE IS something ideal about a train compartment for the opening of a story. The occupants have a great deal more time and leisure than the stage maid and butler for saying what it is all about. There is nothing to do but talk. And whether they tell all or remain secretive as to the object of their respective journeys, they launch the reader in no time into the midst of the narrative. It is particularly fitting that Kay Boyle starts off a melodrama such as "Avalanche" in a railway car that is so dark her protagonists cannot even see one another.

The volume provides an evening's reading that would be spoiled by any comment which outlines the plot. Suffice it to say that the heroine is young and beautiful, half-American and half-French, and that she is in love with a French Alpine guide, who is caught up in the war. There are German agents, French patriots hiding in the mountains, fugitives from the Gestapo and peasants in whom the flame of resistance burns strong. The descriptive touches about a French mountain village are good. There are the love of France, the love of liberty and the consuming love of "Fenton" for the dauntless guide who had been the companion of her earlier, carefree years. Miss Boyle really knows her French Alpine guides, with their stamina and resourcefulness, their self-confidence and their marked reserve. These men were polite enough, but they kept American girls and other tourists emotionally at a distance. The hero, Bastineau, strong and silent, is true to type.

Except that the long arm of circumstance is a little too ready to plunge into the midst of things at its two or three crucial junctures, "Avalanche" slides along smoothly enough. It is reminiscent of the slickness of the formula-fiction lapped up in women's magazines. It would, or will, make a swell light movie. But, in addition, a feeling for France is there, an understanding of the flame of liberty that burns bright in that occupied land, of the aspirations that strictest regulations and privation can never suppress. That is the most notable element in what is otherwise simply an entertaining thriller quickly written and read.

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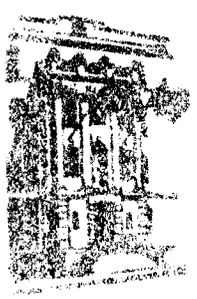

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The Inner Forum

More Greek Rite Catholics

UNFORTUNATELY it cannot be assumed even at this time of day that all Latin-rite Catholics in America are as well informed as they should be about their brethren of the Eastern rite in their midst. It is therefore possible that the paragraphs in this column some weeks ago, headed "Greek Rite Catholics in the U.S.," may have given a wrong impression to some readers.

First of all, the very expression "Greek Rite Catholics," though in common use in America, is misleading; for in this country (as indeed everywhere) the Catholics of Eastern rite include only a small minority of Greek origin or who use the Greek language in public worship. "Catholics of the Slav-Byzantine rite" is a better description.

There are also their brethren the Ukrainians who came to the United States from the Galician province of Poland. They number about a quarter of a million, and are found principally in the states of Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and parts of the Middle west.

They also have a bishop of their own, Msgr. Constantine Bohachevsky, Titular Bishop of Amisus, who lives in Philadelphia but has jurisdiction as exarch over "Galician Ukrainians" throughout the United States.

The appointment last year of an auxiliary bishop to help Msgr. Bohachevsky was the occasion of the first Catholic episcopal consecration according to the Byzantine rite ever to take place in the United States. The new bishop was the Hieromonk Ambrose Senshyn, a Basilian religious (not to be confused with the Basilian Fathers of the Latin rite). The consecration took place in the great Ukrainian church of St. Nicholas in Chicago.

And what a magnificent manifestation of Catholicity and catholicity it was. These hierarchs and people, these venerable prayers and observances of the liturgy, not only joined Catholics of the West with our brethren of the East, but took us back to the earlier days of the Church when Alexandria, Antioch and Byzantium (Constantinople) were exercising a formative and never-to-be-effaced influence on the development of Christianity. There in the church of St. Nicholas were too the representatives, official and unofficial, of the Western church—the Archbishop of Chicago and a dozen other bishops, lower clergy, laity. It was a microcosm of Christian history. East and West, man and woman, white and colored, learned and simple, rich and poor, past and present—yes, and future—all joined in that Body which, whatever its outward and human failings and sins and wickednesses, is within like the King's daughter—all glorious.

DONALD ATTWATER.

CONTRIBUTORS

André LABARTHE was a lecturer on internal combustion engines at the Sorbonne. He escaped to London about a month after the fall of France, where he established *La France Libre*, one of the most distinguished of refugee magazines. He went to North Africa at the time of the American landing there and served as minister of information. He is at present in New York.

Francis DOWNING is assistant educational director of the United Auto Workers.

C. J. EUSTACE was born in England and at present lives in Canada. His most recent book is "House of Bread."

Donald ATTWATER sends this note from England. He is the author of many books and a specialist on the Eastern Rites.

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